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Brave Kate.

The year 1781 was a dark and gloomy one for our forefathers who were then struggling for liberty. In South Carolina

Withdrew his men toward the Tiger and Bear rivers. Lord Rawdon followed him, but could not draw the patriot general into an engagement.

At that period there stood in South Carolina a plain and unassuming house; it was a one-story building, neatly white-washed and surrounded by a fence. The garden contained many choice flowers, and the beautiful honey-suckle shaded the doors and windows. It was the home of Mrs. Hester, who lived there while her son George was in Washington's army, fighting for freedom.

One day, the eldest of the daughters, was a beautiful girl of sixteen summers; her auburn hair hung in graceful curls down her

One evening as Kate was standing at the cottage door, she beheld two mounted officers approaching. They were richly dressed, and one of them she recognized as Lord Hawden, the commander of the British forces in that section of the country. They rode up to her, and Hawden bowed over his saddle and said in a kind tone :

"Well, Miss, can you let me have the use of a room for a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir, and the door is open to you,"

"Good," Colonel led, dismounting up business, said Hawden, dismounting, while the colonel did the same, the latter leading the horse to the stable.

Lord Hawden advanced to where Kate was standing, and said :

"Whose house is this, Miss?"

"Mrs. Heath's is,"

"Has't her son in the rebel army, under Washington, is he not?"

Kate trembled at the insult, and she looked at the British with a searching glance.

"I am not sorry for that; he is a brave boy and would no doubt make a good British soldier returned Rawdon.

"Lord Rawdon, you insult me, I would rather see George die a hero's death than see him die in the King's army," was the heroic answer.

"I see you are a rebel, too, Miss Helen. But here comes the colonel," said Rawdon as he saw that wordly coming from the stable.

They entered the house and went into a small room to hold a consultation. Kar thought they might have something important to say, so she concluded to play the part of eavesdropper. She told her mother of her intention, who approved of it, and Kar placed herself in a position to hear the British plot.

It was a dangerous undertaking, and she knew that if she was caught in the act of listening she would be treated as a spy, and perhaps executed, for Lord Rawdon knew

"Here is Greene's camp," said he, "and here are ours. We must make a bold strike and if it be successful, Greene will be destroyed."

"I do not see why it should not succeed," said my Lord.

"No; if our troops fight as well as they have, therefore we shall succeed," said Rawdon, his face assuming a triumphant expression.

"I shall feel happy when the cursed rebels are driven away from Carolina, and their rule will be over," said Colonel Roberts.

"We must crush Greene, colonel; I do not wish to go back to England and it be said that I was out-generaled by a rebel. No, never!" exclaimed Rawdon, a

"Then we make the attack at daylight," we not?" asked the colonel.

"We do; you have your regiment ready to make your men fight like demons," Lord said we go now. But hold! I want to countersign for the pickets to-night."

"England," answered Lord Rawlinson, lowering his voice.

Kate listened to the British plans with wildly throbbing heart, and she resolved to save the patriots army. When she heard the countersign she left the door and hurried herself with her household duties, and the two officers emerged from the room.

"We must go, Miss Heath, but I thank me thank you for your kindness," said Lord Rawlinson.

"Your thanks are received," answered Kate.

The horses were saddled, and the officers were soon on their way. Kate watched till they were out of sight, and then prepared for her perilous journey. She threw as

“Well noble Seim, you must carry safely through to-night, for if you do Greene will be destroyed.”

The animal seemed to understand her, he gave her a low whinny.

Our heroine saddled Seim, led him to the stable, and was soon riding toward Greene’s camp, which was eight miles distant. She rode slowly, for the weather was such that it was in time to let the traitor learn from his men to meet the sally. The Irish-pickets were four in number, and she would be compelled to pass through their lines; but as she was no possession of the countess’s name she did not fear the result.

Soon Kate saw the picket’s layonnet glimmer in the moonlight, and heard him cry out:—

“Who goes there?”

“A friend, with the countess.”

She approached and whispered:—

"All right—pass on. But stop!" the picket as he caught a glimpse of her face.

Kate stopped her horse as I laid her on a pistol. The picket approached and said:

"Is that you, Miss Hewh?"

"It is, Guy," returned Kate, for she recognized the soldier to be Guy Jackson, had often visited their fair house.

"Where are you going to-night, Kate?" he asked.

"To see Mrs. Blake; she is very sick."

"Just like you, Miss Kate—always tending the sick; you are a ministering angel the naughty Briton."

"Thank you for the compliment, Guy. But I must be going. Good night."

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